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Russia and Peace

If we are to avoid future disappointment, depression which will weaken our wills and break down our courage, it is essential to recognize that for the duration of the present war Russia has ceased to be a factor. There is no basis in reason or just expectation for the long cherished belief that after delays, disorders, domestic strife Russia would return to the Allies. Russia will not return, and, despite all reasoning to the contrary, Russia was lost not at the moment when the Revolution gained control, but at the hour when Stürmer and his reactionary associates sold their country out to Germany in the hope of preventing the Revolution.

It is an easy assertion, frequently made, that had the Allies dealt more frankly with Revolutionary Russia the new masters of Russian policy would have renewed the alliance of the old régime and the war would have gone on to its inevitable conclusion, the defeat of Germany and the liberation of Europe. But this assertion is based upon one enormous assumption, namely, that the Russian people were willing to fight for anything outside of Russia and except for peace.

The truth, which is becoming clearer every day, is that the Revolution succeeded, that the present leaders gained control, because the single, imperious demand of the Russian people was for peace—peace at almost any price. Kerensky rose and fell as he was accepted and then distrusted as the agent of peace. Lenine and Trotzky are succeeding because they are better advised as to Russian will and are prepared to crush every obstacle to attain peace.

The idea that a restatement of Allied war aims at any time would have carried with it a change of heart on the part of the dumb millions of Russians who have suffered in this most terrible of wars seems to The Tribune a total misapprehension. It was peace these millions always wanted—they were interested not the least in the fate of the Belgians or the Serbians; they were interested less in the liberation of the people of Alsace-Lorraine or of Austrian lands inhabited by Italians.

Unless all signs fail, we shall see the Revolutionary Russia ready to sacrifice Russian territory to obtain peace, ready to mortgage the future of the country to gain the present relief that immediate peace seems in its eyes. And this hunger for peace has been from the outset the fact in Russia. Unless the Allied nations were prepared to make all the necessary sacrifices of territory and liberty and accept German peace terms, they were always bound to be deserted by Russia.

The essential mistake all of us have made in thinking of Russia has been in attempting to interpret Russian emotion in terms of our own feelings. We, the people of Britain, France and the United States, entered this war on our own volition, we consented to the formal declaration of war unhesitatingly, and we accepted our government's action as our own, as in fact it was. But the Russian people went to war willy-nilly, as a result of the decision of rulers whom they hated and in obedience to a system which they loathed.

We in Britain, France and the United States perceive clearly that until Belgium and Serbia are evacuated there can be no basis for peace negotiations, for peace which is not a mockery, because such a peace would give permanence to the German conception that force is the only element of value in human and international relations and that the nation armed can write its own laws with the sword and the submarine.

This essential fact we feel to-day as we felt it in the past. Criticism of our statesmen and our soldiers for their failures to win the war, doubt and depression, war weariness—none of these things changes our conception that the future will be unsafe if the German idea of force, the German method, as expressed in Belgium, in Northern France and on the high seas, is not proven to be impossible by defeat on the battlefield.

Russia shares none of our Western conceptions. He awoke from slavery to find himself in a war which had brought to him intensest agony, and this war was made by his old masters, whose yoke had been heavy and brutal. His two emotions were comprehended in the determination to have done with the old masters and to end the war they had plunged him into without his consent and without regard to his rights or even to his life.

It would be the part of folly now to assail this Russian people in the first hours of their freedom because they have failed to march with us in the cause we believe is their cause. It would be a mistake, while asserting that we fight for democracy, to assail a nation whose course, whose policy, is palpably and indubitably shaped by the will of the masses of the Russian people. It is the right of the Russian people to make peace if they choose and as they choose. Moreover, no man can now mistake the fact that from the morning of the Revolution the overmastering desire of the Russian people has been to make peace, and that they have welcomed the Bolsheviki, accepted Trotzky and Lenine, because, whatever their personal motives, these men have not only promised peace, but have taken the necessary steps to attain peace.

Russia, for reasons comprehensible and by no means culpable, has determined to make peace with Germany. This determination is the determination of the vast majority of the Russian people. We may hold them blind and misguided, but we must not mistake the fact that under our theory of democracy they are entitled to shape their own policy. It is idle and it is folly to rail at Russia—it is even inconsistent with our own faith as proclaimed again and again, in our assertion that we are fighting for democracy.

In sum, it is essential to recognize that Russia has left our alliance, that there was never any chance of retaining her after the Revolution, and there is not the smallest prospect of regaining her now. This war was not declared with the consent of the Russian people; they were never engaged in honor to fight it—they have not deserted a cause to which their loyalty was engaged. They have blindly, unwisely, madly—the adjective does not matter—but unmistakably rejected a share in it. They are gone, and we who are left must face the fact, fight on as we can and make the greater effort that will now be demanded to attain the end which we all desire to attain: the protection of liberty, the assertion of law, the defence of humanity.

It is a great pity that many are permitted still to cherish the empty fiction that some other set of words, uttered by some Allied statesman, might have changed the course of events in Russia. This is to misunderstand the fundamental facts in Russia and breed new discontent and fresh distrust in the Allied publics. The Russian situation, like that of France in 1789, was beyond the cure of words. Had Germany attacked the Revolution in Russia as Europe attacked the French Revolution, Russia might have fought as did France. But for nothing else would she fight. Her eyes were fixed on her own problems. Her hopes, her purposes, were concentrated upon her own ills and agonies. The allies of old Russia might join the new in seeking peace—or they might fight on. Revolutionary Russia was willing to lead; she was not willing to listen or to follow.

This situation will not change in any time near enough to affect the course of the war. It is idle to cling to hopes of Russian resurgence and to dreams of new Russian armies advancing on the Vistula or the Dniester.

Russia has left us, the United States is taking the Russian place, and in another year will be able to fill it. Meantime, it is for all of us to face facts and dismiss illusions. The war will be won by the present alliance against Germany if it has the courage and the determination to stand firmly now in the presence of the last desperate offensive of an enemy whose defeat is assured, whose defeat has wellnigh been achieved, whose victory would be the downfall of all we love and hold to be worth living for in this world.

Another Convoy Destroyed

What Sir Eric Geddes said of the successful German attack on a Scandinavian convoy two months ago is no less applicable to the disaster that has just befallen another convoy, of about the same total tonnage. He invited impatient critics to bear these points in mind: First, that the area of the North Sea is not less than 140,000 square miles; second, that the coast which the British fleet must defend against possible raiders is more than 560 miles in length; third, that the field of vision for a cruiser squadron on an average night is considerably less than five square miles.

It is not difficult to comprehend that by no possible distribution of force can occasional successes by the enemy be prevented. The area to be defended is so vast that even if all the light forces at disposal had nothing to do but to protect trade it would be unreasonable to expect complete immunity from tip-and-run raids. The wonder is rather that in the nine months during which the Scandinavian convoy system has been in operation so few incidents of this kind have been reported.

It may safely be conjectured that in that space of time the number of vessels escorted by British forces amounts, at the very least, to five thousand between Great Britain and Scandinavian ports alone, yet only on these two occasions has any convoy been successfully attacked by a surface raider. Such incidents are regrettable, yet upon the whole it is reassuring that the Germans, who are never wanting in enterprise and daring, have succeeded so rarely in evading the patrols and cutting out the convoys constantly crossing the North Sea.

The Worst There Is

"What can you expect in a city that has the worst climate in the world?" said the man just returned from Petrograd as he climbed about the drifts of New York. He had plunged into Indian summer upon landing at this particular Atlantic port, and now look at the thing! Our regretful agreement is with him and our sympathy for ourselves. It may be a proud thing to be a New Yorker. But it involves living in quite the worst weather in the world.

Perhaps our different spells of weather are good enough in themselves. The late snowstorm was an admirable one of its kind. But who could foresee it or prepare for it? Certainly not our coal experts, or our railroad operators, or our commuters, or anybody else. Snow on such a scale before Christmas is the exception. Perhaps we ought to look forward to it in a climate where the unexpected always happens. But we don't. We enter a perfectly fine snowstorm, that would be a thing of beauty and delight in Petrograd or Fargo, helpless and shivering, unflannelled and unfurred.

Do we see our mistake too late and rush forth to purchase that fur coat we have always longed for, or those woollen socks, or hurry a little non-freezing mixture into the frosted radiator? Over goes the weather in a neat handspring, and the violets bloom as we swelter. There is no solution—save moving to Petrograd or Saskatchewan, or a trench in France, or a destroyer in the North Sea, where the weather, whatever it may be, is honest-to-goodness stuff, all off the same piece, and plenty more of the same where it comes from.

Mysterious Inaction

What has become of the Senate committee which undertook to investigate the charges of disloyalty brought against Senator La Follette? Washington hums nowadays with Congressional investigations. The managers of these inquiries are basking in the sunlight of newspaper publicity. But a dense pall of obscurity has settled down over the doings of the members of the Senate Committee on Privileges and Elections who set out to discover what Mr. La Follette said at St. Paul last summer about the entry of the United States into the war, why he said it and why, if he said it, he shouldn't be expelled from the Senate.

The Wisconsin Senator's inquisitors held several meetings after Congress adjourned in October. Mr. La Follette submitted an authorized version of his speech, which seemed to differ in no material way from the version published in the newspapers. He then suggested that if the committee wanted to test the accuracy of his statements it might examine ex-Secretary Bryan, Secretary Lansing and other witnesses. The inquisitors ducked that suggestion and have been doing nothing but ducking ever since.

There is no necessity of trying the Wisconsin Senator on a charge of treason. The Senate has the right to expel a member for any reasons which it may consider satisfactory. It can find a complete warrant for ejecting Mr. La Follette in a law which Congress passed at the last session. That law gave the Postmaster General power to suspend the publication of newspapers which contained matter held by the Postoffice Department to be seditious.

Postmaster General Burleson, exercising this authority, announced that he would suspend the publication of any periodical which intimated that the United States "got into the war with Germany wrong" or disparaged in any way the motives with which we are making our fight to destroy German autocracy.

Mr. La Follette certainly said things in his St. Paul speech intended to show that we "got into the war with Germany wrong." He disparaged the motives of the United States in making war on Germany. He is in the same class with the Socialist-pacifist and pro-German foreign language newspaper editors whom Mr. Burleson has been driving out of business. He has less excuse than they have, for he is a member of the law-making body which set up a standard of conduct for those who discuss the war in the newspapers and periodicals.

The Senate may be reluctant to apply to its own members a rule which it holds to be justified in the case of outsiders. That is a common human failing. But having, perhaps hurriedly and without forethought, undertaken to call Mr. La Follette to account for expressing ideas which it forbids newspaper editors to express, the Senate cannot now smother the investigation which it started without covering itself with ridicule. Has it any faith in its own ideas of what constitutes a seditious utterance? If it has, it must deal with seditious utterances by its own members.

The country will not permit the La Follette inquiry, begun with such a beating of drums, to die away now into pussyfooting and silence.

A Pledge

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: I read with enthusiasm John Burroughs's article in this morning's Tribune and I for one will follow him and pledge myself not to buy a German-made article, read a German written or printed book, or knowingly help in any way, directly or indirectly, anything emanating from that unspeakable land of the Hun. I would like to see a society formed whose aim would be just what Mr. Burroughs has set forth. F. E. ROGERS.

New York, Dec. 14, 1917.

Non-Partisan City Elections

A Plan Offered to Prevent Selection of Minority Candidates

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Now that the tumult and shouting of the recent municipal campaign are past and the opening of the 1918 session of the Legislature draws near, this seems an appropriate time to consider what, if any, legislation the lessons of the campaign call for. In this connection it should be borne in mind that real permanent improvement in our government comes about not by the sporadic case of the election of a great and good man to office, but through the introduction of methods which enforce good government. The lessons of the campaign point unmistakably, as it seems to me, to two lines of legislative action, both, curiously enough, in the direction of non-partisanship:

1. **Non-Partisan Municipal Elections**—Hylan was a minority candidate. The unofficial returns (not counting the soldier vote) for the four chief candidates for Mayor are as follows: Bennett, 53,678; Hylan, 297,282; Hillquit, 142,178; Mitchel, 149,507. If the Socialists continue to cast a vote in any way approximating their vote of this year the Mayor of New York for many years to come will be a minority candidate. The best way to remedy this undesirable state of affairs is to reduce the number of candidates for each city, county and borough office to two, by a vote taken at the September primaries.

The details could easily be worked out. Non-partisan designations could be made as party designations are now made. On primary day every man who had registered the year before and still lived in the election district could vote; there could be two sets of ballots, one for party and the other for non-partisan nominations, just as there are now separate ballots for Presidential electors and for state offices. The signature books are, according to existing law, in the polling places on primary day, and hence could be used to protect the non-partisan as well as the party primaries. Inasmuch as no additional election officials are required, the expense of holding such non-partisan primaries would not greatly exceed the cost of printing and distributing the ballots.

The advantages of non-partisan municipal elections—the principle of which is embodied in the provision of our state constitution that municipal elections shall be held in odd numbered years—are obvious. With but two candidates for each office a voter would know more about them. The issues would be so framed as to be easily understood. In New York for years to come the issue would probably be Tammany and anti-Tammany. If a majority of the voters wanted the Tammany candidates they would get them; while if a majority were opposed to the Tammany candidates anti-Tammany officials would be elected.

2. **Non-Partisan Election Officers.**—It is well known to those acquainted with the facts that in certain districts of this city one political organization controls the election officials of both parties. Accordingly, the theory upon which our bi-partisan election boards are chosen, namely, that with the representatives of the two chief parties opposed to each other a fair election will be held, does not always work out. The September primaries showed that in many districts the election officers appointed by the party organizations proceeded as if their first duty was to make up returns and mutilate ballots so as to secure results which they thought would please the men who had secured their appointment. The remedy for this, as it seems to me, is to provide that two of the inspectors of election shall be chosen as heretofore from the parties casting the highest and the next highest vote for Governor at the last preceding election, and that the remaining two inspectors shall be non-partisan and shall be selected by civil service examinations. One alert, honest inspector of election can prevent the doing of most of the fraudulent work committed by a board of elections—could have prevented the frauds at the primaries last September. Moreover, with the present extensive authority given to the courts by the election law to examine ballots and in other ways to review the action of election officials, the work of the inspectors of election has come to be largely ministerial and the control of half the board of inspectors has become relatively unimportant to honest party organizations.

WILLIAM M. CHADBOURNE.

New York, Dec. 12, 1917.

Why Not Use Women?

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Your recent article in regard to the "cold feet brigade," composed of young men who are very anxious to become "field clerks" at $2,200 a year in order to escape the trenches, impels me to inquire why, in the name of common sense, the government refuses to accept women for such positions, where there is a minimum of danger, and patriotism and business experience are essential.

Very many, like myself, would be only too glad to serve our country in such positions at seven, eight or nine hundred dollars a year, or even a private soldier's pay. I have applied and applied until I am sick of it, for the transport service, and for any and every kind of clerical service at the front, and I have been curtly refused in every case.

The English government has learned by experience that women are patriotic and can work; hence the "Waacs"—thousands of them. Apparently the only thing an American girl can do is to let the "cold feet brigade" fill all such positions for the American forces, and turn over her own services to the British front. That is what I have about decided to do.

A VETERAN'S DAUGHTER.

Brooklyn, Dec. 14, 1917.

Better Than Clack of Tongues

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Referring to the letters criticising the public knitters, with particular reference to those who knit at concerts, etc.: How infinitely to be preferred is the click (if there is any) of the needles to the clack of the tongues! I "season ticket" the opera. This year those around me knit, and I am sincerely glad they do.

The matter is so infinitesimally small that I am astounded at the criticism it arouses. To my mind, all of us will have to put up with very much more inconvenience (if it be such) than that in question before the war is ended, and we may as well begin with small things. BROOKLYNITE.

New York, Dec. 15, 1917.

Do They Really Click?

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Has any one really heard knitting needles "click"? There has been much writing about the noise they make, but I doubt if any one can say that he, she or it has even been disturbed by the click. By "it" I mean the chattering woman who talks all through a concert unless pleaded with by her music-loving neighbors.

A KNITTER AND SUNSETTER.

New York, Dec. 15, 1917.

Tin Bonnets and Shrapnel

Our Americans, in Their Front Line Trenches, Begin Their Slow Job

By Alfred M. Brace

The Red Triangle Man was going to the front line trenches, where American soldiers had been stationed for a week. He was bringing the new dugout dwellers tobacco, chocolate and reading material and canvassing the ground with a view to meeting the growing needs of the future. We put on our tin bonnets, adjusted the broad leather straps under our chins and started out on foot, for it was the point where auto traffic stopped and where the supply wagons only proceeded under cover of the night.

It was a rare fall afternoon for that bit of Eastern France, which is usually gripped by fog and mist. White clouds, blue sky and brown earth. Ahead was a great rolling dip in the low hills, rising to flat crests on the opposite edge, where the trenches faced each other over No Man's Land. A valley road fringed with lacey trees wound along on one side and in the distance was the gleaming ribbon of a canal.

It would have been a setting to gladden the heart in times of peace, with men gathering the last of the harvest from the fruitful earth or ploughing for the next seed, with villages snug and warm in the wrinkles of the hills, the gray-blue smoke mounting from cheerful hearthsides, and with steaming horses dragging the barges along the towpaths of the canal, hearing the products of undisturbed industry.

But war had made it lonesome and cheerless. A French sentry stood guard on the road, two or three others in blue were ahead of us on their way to the front, a tall American infantryman was coming toward us on the road.

A long whistle and a crash of an exploding shell.

"The Boches are dropping them over on the side hill there," explained our countryman in the flat steel hat. "You can see 'em explode a little ways ahead."

German Sprinkling

We went on our way past some shell holes. The Germans were "sprinkling" a sector on our left, their shells coming in with a nasty whine, a splash of black smoke close to the earth and the heavy burst of the explosion. The Red Triangle Man munched his dinner of canned salmon and biscuits and talked of his wife and his mountain acres in Colorado as we walked. He had seen these shells coming in before.

We were approaching the head of the communication trench when a long line of khaki clad men came over the hill. They were twenty feet apart—a precaution against an occasional shell—some carrying trench shovels and picks, in addition to their rifles, and each with three red packages of crackers and a can of bully beef under his arm. It looked like a picnic luncheon. We learned that the line of men composed a patrol squad and a squad for fatigue duty in the trenches. They had never been at the front before.

The officer of the day was talking to the sergeant and his little group of men and giving them their instructions for the night. The officer was in his sweater, with a woollen cap on his head. The conversation was as one man with experience to his friends who lacked it.

There were the whistle overhead of more German shells searching out positions in the rear and the bark of the American guns near by.

"You don't need to worry about those shells when they sound like that," said the officer. "Listen."

The tin bonnet group gave ear to the long cadence of an outgoing shell.

"You see, that's not for you," he added. "When they sound like a chain dragging behind an automobile they are going away from you. But when they bore a hole in the air and say, 'You-oo-oo-oo-oo-re busted!' then that's for you."

He went on telling his men to get out to the front line before it was dark, to look over the ground for their patrol work that night.

"Keep well apart," he called after them, "and don't stick your heads above the trenches unless you have to."

Lanky Americans in French Trenches

The squad followed a trench guide and we dropped in after them into the communicating trenches. The file of men wound in and out of the labyrinthian trenches along the muddy duck walk, and we were pushed to keep up with them, as we wished to do, in order not to go astray in the intricate trench system. An aeroplane humming overhead attracted Germany artillery fire. Occasionally one of the steel helmets scraped the trench supports or wires overhead. French trenches were not made for the long, lanky nephews of Uncle Sam.

Finally we were out in the open, behind camouflage, and then at some dugouts where other infantrymen were balancing their mess kits and coffee cups as they ate their suppers. After some coffee we were on again, this time on the last lap to the front line of trenches.

On trench shelves lay rusty but dangerous hand grenades. We passed a machine gun crew with their gun in a transverse, and cartridge bands heaped up behind it. We looked along its barrel through a maze of barbed wire across a wide stretch to the brown earth of the German trenches across from it.

"We're ready for 'em with that little old machine," said the gunner. His voice was lost in the noise of three sharp reports. There was a whistle overhead, and three spouts of black earth and powder shot up along the edge of the line of the German trenches. An American battery was getting some more practice. A German sausage balloon back of the enemy trenches, at what seemed to the untrained eye a distance well within the range of our fire, was slowly rising. It looked like a huge question mark rising to inquire: "What in thunder has struck this nice little quiet sector of ours, anyway?"

The sector where the Americans have entered the war on the Western front has been quiet for almost two years, with only desultory activity and incidental artillery fire. The coming of Americans to get their first experience in the trenches has not made it an active sector, but has given it at least a hectic, feverish character. American artillerymen are much more anxious than their French brothers in arms to loose the cannon's roar. They want action; they want to hit something. And so they limbered up, and there has been considerable banging, which at first probably made the Germans in their dugouts grin, and afterward irritated them. For their artillery activity increased. They try to find roads at night and are on the search for artillery positions.

We passed a stretch of vacant trench, and then a boy, standing in a covered sentry's position, peering through a niche across No Man's Land.

"Slow job, this," he said as he took one of our cigarettes to smoke, and two to put behind his ear for future use. "It's not so bad in the daytime, when you can see what's goin' on around. But it's hell at night, standing here hour in and hour out hanging on to your gun and wonderin' what's goin' to turn up. I should think it would make a man go 'nuts' in time."

He took us out to where a brother infantryman had tried to throw a hand grenade two nights before, when he heard something in front. The grenade thrower's hand had caught on the back of the trench and the grenade had drilled little holes in him, wounding him severely.

"You see, our fellows don't know this country very well and at night it makes them nervous. I guess sometimes they shoot at shadows."

We left our friend looking across to the German positions where the German sausage was still rising.

About 140 Years

We were at the head of the communication trench again, the Red Triangle Man reporting to the commanding officer and offering to be of what service he could to officers and men. Then we turned to go.

"How long do you think you'll be here?" I said to a pug-nosed lad, who looked like the map of Iowa.

"Oh, about a hundred and forty years," he replied.

I asked for details.

"Well, I figure this war's goin' to last forty years more, and then we'll be a hundred years windin' up all the wire."

And so we left them, the Red Triangle Man and I. Some German shells were falling on an empty farmhouse on one side and viciously tearing holes in it.

We looked back at the low dugouts and khaki men against the late afternoon sky.

Said the Red Trangle Man: "One hundred and forty years! I suppose many of the boys will be here that long, but I guess most of us will be going home next summer."

Warmth Under Canvas

Camping Suggestions May Aid Soldiers to Meet Winter Weather

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: The press of the day seems to indicate that, to put it mildly, a considerable number of our soldiers are greatly inconvenienced in their quarters by the cold, and this is easily believable.

Among your readers there must be a number of men experienced in winter hunting who could give valuable suggestions, some of which at least the soldiers might be able to put into practice.

My camp experience has covered many years, but not in exceptionally cold weather. Nevertheless, I have one suggestion, derived from Rear Admiral Peary's expedition when he reached the North Pole. The costumes of his party were such that a sleeping bag was not needed, but each member of the party had a two by four piece of fur to lie on at night. One of the large outfitters of the city had, for a time at least, upon the market rectangles of clipped sheepskin of these dimensions, to be used for that purpose.

I have used a double thickness of heavy mackinaw cloth with a piece of waterproofed canvas below it in the same manner and have found it highly satisfactory.

The warmth of a blanket or several thicknesses of blanket depends upon its fluffiness and the air contained in it. This is largely pressed out by the weight of the body, at the hips and shoulders particularly. Consequently, a weight of blankets sufficient for warmth in all other respects leaves a person cold and consequently uncomfortable, particularly at these two points and in less degree along the line of the body, if the resting place is itself cold.

In moderately cold weather—i. e., down to the freezing point—I have found a waterproofed sheet of canvas, 6x7, and three blankets, 60x84, weighing seven and one-half pounds, quite satisfactory, especially when they were caught together with a coarse needle and thread so as to form a bag for about three feet from the bottom end of the blankets, the waterproofed canvas being similarly stitched and the blankets used inside of it.

The blankets without the canvas are totally inadequate. The canvas not only retains the heat to some extent, but it prevents it being blown out of the blankets by whatever air may be stirring. Moreover, although the canvas is sufficiently waterproof, it is not absolutely impervious, and though the ventilation is not all that could be desired, it is wholly different from being encased in a rubber bag, of which the absence of undue condensation in the blanket or upon the canvas is sufficient proof.

The army canteen, with its felt cover, makes an admirable hot water bottle, giving out its heat so slowly that it is still warm to the touch in the morning. It can be emptied with astonishing speed by thrusting a straw or a glass tube into the orifice to let in the air as rapidly as the water is displaced.

Smoke tan moccasins, which are quite useless for any other purpose in view of the fact that they absorb water like a sponge, are equal in effect to a hot water bottle for sleeping purposes, and far superior to woollen bed socks. With woollen bed socks inside of them it would seem that no amount of cold would affect the sleeper. If they could be had with long tops, so as to come approximately to the knee, they would be still more admirable. Of course, wool socks are used inside of them.

A sleeper cannot afford to waste any of his vital heat, and in cold weather the head, with the rest of the body, should be well under the blanket, and if a small, loosely woven scarf in a thickness of two can be spread over the mouth and nose there will be an additional saving of heat.

Among these suggestions I believe the most important is that with regard to the pad of sheepskin or mackinaw cloth,

As regards the location of the sleeper, my experience leads me to think that in preferance to a cot and board floor I would take my chances on the ground, provided it was not absolutely wet. I have slept for weeks with entire comfort and satisfaction upon the bare ground, only hollowing out slightly a place for the hips, so that the ground might have a little the contour of the body. Even a rock, which happens to have the proper curve, is by no means to be despised as a resting place.

With regard to the canvas sheet, it need only be heavy enough not to tear in use, and it is possible to obtain from outfitters waterproofing material which comes as a liquid and is painted on to the canvas with a brush. It is also possible to dissolve paraffine wax in turpentine, which it does rather slowly, and paint it on to the canvas. The turpentine dries out, leaving a film of paraffine in the material. Another effective way is to use a hot iron, placing it for a moment on a cake of paraffine and then ironing the melted paraffine which adheres to it into the cloth. In hot weather the paraffine alone, in the sun, may become somewhat melted in the material, and a proportion of beeswax, with the paraffine, obviates this difficulty.

Vests of soft leather coming as low as the hips take up far less room under a coat, and are more efficient than sweaters. At night a chamois shirt, large enough to go on over all the clothing, except the jacket, is efficient.

Mittens are warmer than gloves, as the fingers are all together. Over wool mittens or gloves an outer waterproof mitten adds greatly to the warmth if there is any wind.

An officer of the navy, to whom I loaned one of my waterproofed sheets, writes me that it is almost too good, and that he does not need it in ordinary weather, and that with it and the metal hot water bottle he could "go into a winter tent and be happy."

CHARLES E. MANIERRE.

New York, Dec. 15, 1917.

Evil Effects of CO from Motor Cars

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Tests recently made by the Public Service Commission indicate that automobile exhaust gases contain, on an average, about 7 per cent of carbon monoxide.

Haldane states that it is dangerous to breathe for any length of time air containing one-tenth of 1 per cent (1.1000) of carbon monoxide.

Haldane, Glaistner and other authorities on gas poisons have shown that when the atmosphere contains a small amount of carbon monoxide susceptibility to pneumonia is increased.

The British "Phthisis" Commission arrived at this same conclusion. In the United States Army a bulletin has recently been issued, quoting Haldane and calling attention to the poisonous properties of exhaust gases.

Assuming that the above-mentioned authorities would not have placed themselves on record in this matter without good reasons for doing so, and considering that the average person does not know that inhaling exhaust gases may cause some injury to the health, hence takes no particular pains to avoid breathing them, it would seem a rational thing to give the public the benefit of this information. Possibly this might result in some improvement in the public health. GEORGE S. TIFFANY,

Experimental Engineer.

New York, Dec. 13, 1917.

Proud of Fighting Congressman

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: I want to thank The Tribune for its exposure of the dastardly pacifist plot to unseat Representative La Guardia, the fighting Congressman from old Greenwich Village.

The Village is proud of Mr. La Guardia's action in volunteering his services to the nation in its time of need, and it is well content that his seat shall be held open for him until he returns from the war.

GREENWICH VILLAGER.

New York, Dec. 14, 1917.

A Flaubert Manuscript

Mr. Huneker Restores a Copyright Line Inadvertently Omitted

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: It gave me much pleasure to read in The Tribune Review of last Sunday an account of Gustave Flaubert's matchless "Madame Bovary," not alone because this great French poet, philosopher and novelist is quoted, but also because the mere mention of his name in these piping times of mediocre fiction is so rare. The published fac-simile of a corrected proof page of "Madame Bovary" is genuine. I became the possessor of the original manuscript in 1903, and through the good graces of my friend, the late Karl-Joris Hüysmans, himself a brilliant master of prose. It was first reproduced in a little book of mine entitled, "Egoists," and in the study, "The Real Flaubert" (pp. 136-137), and was duly copyrighted by the publishers, Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

The omission of the publisher's name and the title of the book by your reviewer was, of course, unintentional, and therefore I hasten to remedy it. I need hardly add that the Flaubert manuscript is still in my collection of famous autographs.

JAMES GIBBONS HUNEKER.

New York, Dec. 16, 1917.

At Our Own Doors

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Stupendous amounts are being raised and sent to relieve the suffering and failing in war-stricken Europe. We have only words of commendation for this unprecedented generosity.

But, sir, we must not forget (and I feel sure you will not take exception to our reminding your readers of them) those who will be in immediate and pathetic need during this coming Christmas at our own doors.

Is not the money-giving public at this time apt to overlook the many whose requirements are just as pressing and whose dilemma is proportionately grave among those who surround us? It is to these the Volunteers of America would render some present and practical assistance in the way of a basket of substantial provisions to take into the home.

May we not hope that some of the thousands who read your paper will send us something speedily to render this practical relief?

Checks can be made payable to Ballington Booth, 34 West Twenty-eighth Street, New York City, and official receipts will be sent to all responding.

BALLINGTON BOOTH,

President, National Headquarters, the Volunteers of America.

New York, Dec. 13, 1917.

Give Red Cross Memberships

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: I am one of millions in this country at the present time who cannot afford to give Christmas presents indiscriminately. Of necessity my giving must be confined to the members of my immediate family. All thinking people are agreed, I believe, that this year in particular Christmas gifts should not include those which may be classed as luxuries. It occurs to me that a membership in the Red Cross is a most appropriate Christmas present, and one which friends and relatives would appreciate because of the patriotic sentiment. I have a daughter ten years old. I shall give her a Red Cross membership for Christmas. I know she will be proud of it and will appreciate it as much as, if not more than, the customary present.

This idea may help to solve some one's Christmas shopping problem. C. I. WARD.

New York, Dec. 14, 1917.